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Michelle

**ALWAYS THE
LIFE OF THE
PARTY!!!**

**SEXXY
SHAYLA**

**IT TOOK HER YEARS TO
FIND HER INNER SLUT**

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Brittany

Been There, Done That... Still Doin' It

If you asked Brittany, she'd tell you that there's very little she hasn't seen or done. When you've lived this long, and have had a very healthy curiosity and open mind, this is really not terribly surprising. She could let it get to her and she could turn a jaded eye to the world, but instead, she draws on her epic experience for inspiration. There is more than one way to skin a cat, and if anyone knows the value of variation, it's Brittany. She's all about passing on her knowledge of all things sexual.





The thing about Brittany is that she has no set type. She's been with just about every size, shape, color and age. In true hedonist fashion, she doesn't play favorites. As long as she gets what she wants, her partner's specs are inconsequential.





However, she does like a man who can hold his own, when pitted against her extensive sexual arsenal. She likes a guy who recognizes that he's having the ride of his life.






Does it go to her head that she's able to snag young studs, 30 years her junior? Not a bit. In fact, she knows they wouldn't be worth her time, if they weren't interested in all that she has to offer.





Don't let her age fool you.
She could compete with any
20-year-old girl and come
out tops, hands down. Maybe
her holes aren't as tight as
they used to be, but she more
than makes up for it with her
prodigious technique.





Looking for a good time with a woman
who knows exactly what you want and
exactly how to give it? Look no farther;
Brittany's the woman for you.

800-347-8928





Felony

*Don't Mess with
Redheads.*



You know all the stories you hear, about the fiery tempers of redheaded women? Well, perhaps this is a felonious stereotype for some, but for Felony, it's the straight-up truth. Maybe it's not just her peppery personality, but also the fact that she grew up the youngest of 5 boys, but whatever reasons have put the spunk in her veins, she's not someone who puts up with being ignored or pushed around. This mentality has only increased with age, and as her confidence has grown. Now, this is one woman you wouldn't want to cross.





Her husband realized this too late, poor bastard. He thought that a little blonde action on the side, wouldn't hurt a soul. When Felony found out, she nearly lived up to her name. But she realized, a dead husband is a husband who can no longer be put in his place. And her cheating spouse needed to be taught a lesson.



From this point on, all bets were off. While she kept his balls in the proverbial jar, she did her best to show him just how much he'd fucked up. You don't cheat on Felony without getting 10 times worse in return.







Once she got started,
she was on a roll.
Young guys, old guys,
husbands, fathers and
sons, she did them all,
each and every one.
The icing on the cake?
She fucked them all in
her bed. Her husband
had made his bed, now
he could lie in another
man's cum.







Sure, she got off on the screwing, but even more than that, she got off on the revenge. This woman was shameless, in and out of bed, and she's not about to stop.





If you're in the mood for some no-
holes-barred, fiery fucking, Felony's
your gal. Just be careful... she's been
known to bite!

800-482-9447



A full-page photograph of a woman with long blonde hair, wearing a red and black dress, standing outdoors in a grassy area with trees in the background. The text is overlaid on the lower half of the image.

Michelle

And We'll Never Grow Old

If you can't tell by looking at her, Michelle is a party girl who hasn't given up the party, though it's been a very long time since she could accurately be called a girl. This is how she grew up, these were her best memories, so why would she change anything, even if the numbers that made up her age were now reversed? True, partying does take its toll, and true, perhaps she'd seen more glamorous days, but if it's a good time you're looking for, there's no better place to start - and end - than Michelle. For her, it's not a hobby or a pastime; it's her lifestyle. And in true rocker style, she always goes out with a bang.





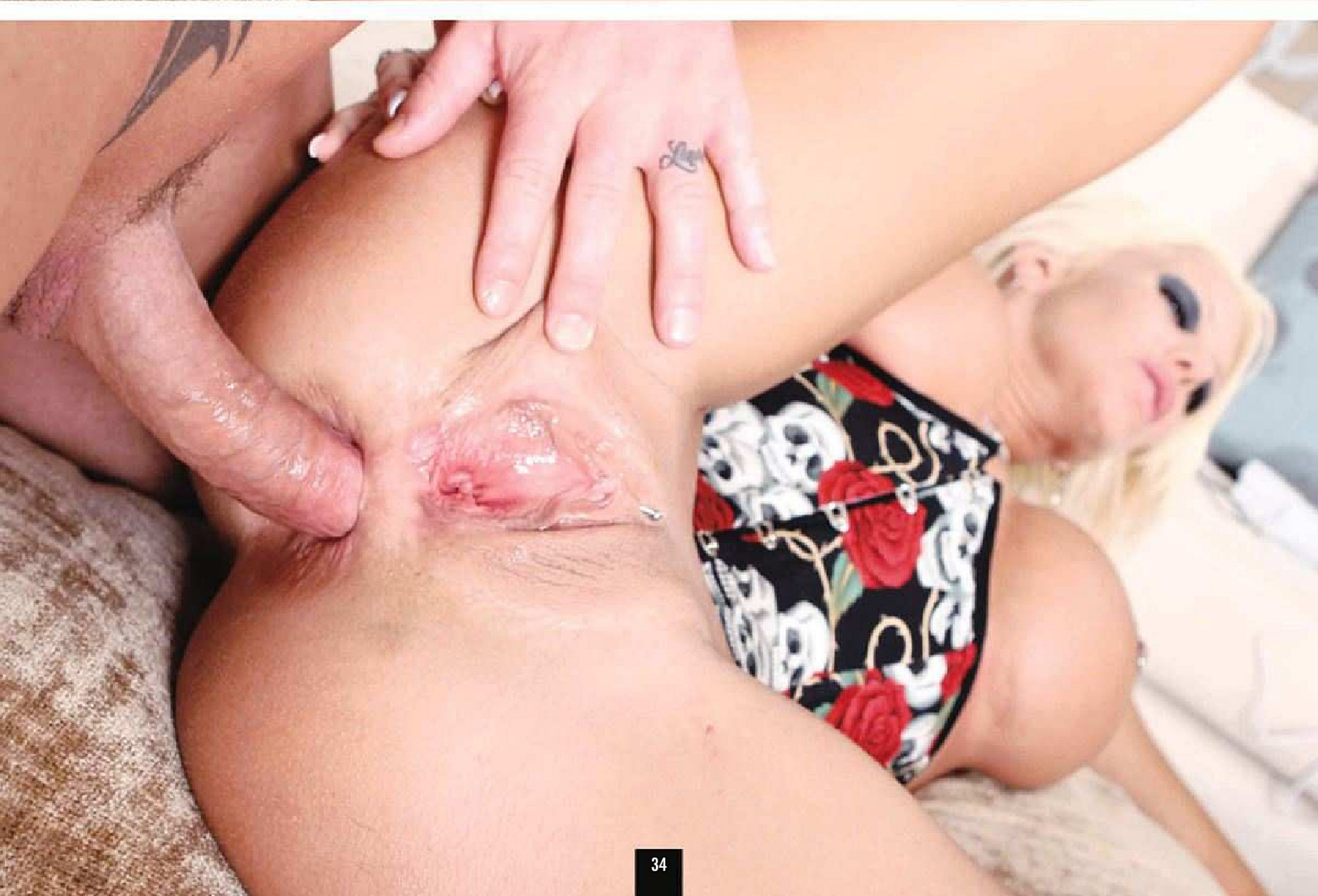
True, this cunt has seen more than it's fare share of tongues and cocks, but it's still a mighty fine place to go exploring. To be the life of the party, you've got to go to extremes, and extremes are what Michelle does best.





Now, you'd think a woman of 52 would have some reservations about rectal shenanigans. Not Michelle. Each of her holes are ready and open for business. Whatever suits your fancy.





Give this woman a few shots of tequila (fair warning: she can drink you under the table, and then dance on your chest), and she's good and ready to go... for hours, days, you name it and she's game.







But a woman like this, comes with a price. You can't expect to fly so close to the fiery heat, without getting singed. You've got to be sure that incendiary is what you want, because that's the only way you can describe the time you'll spend between Michelle's legs... or in her mouth.



If gentle lovemaking is more your style, this blonde hellion isn't for you. But if you want the wild ride of a lifetime, hunker down and get ready to face the flames.

800-230-8887







If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

I was just going through the motions. Ariel wasn't a bad-looking chick – plump body, big, juicy tits, razor-cut black hair, large violet eyes. But she was the sullen, silent type, part of her semi-goth image, I guess. And after a twelve-hour shift at the plant, another one to come the next morning, I just couldn't be bothered trying to crack the chick open, personality and pussy-wise.

We dined at Denny's and then I snored through some middle-aged chick flick at the Cineplex. So, by the time I bounced my truck upside the curb outside Ariel's apartment building, I just wanted to dust the broad off and dump my carcass into the rack, alone.

"Aren't you even going to walk me to the lobby?" she whined, the first string of words she'd put together in over an hour.

I wearily pointed across her bloated chest to the well-lit sidewalk. "Open the door and head north. You can't miss it."

She slapped my face.

Her hand smacked against my jaw with the force and sound of a gunshot. It woke me the hell up.

"What the fuck!?" I protested, staring into the bitch's seething eyes. There was more than pure anger staring back at me from those purple irises.



BAD DATE

"You're walking me to the lobby and then escorting me right up to my apartment!" she rasped, her tits heaving in her black top. "And then you're really going to get what's coming to you for treating me so badly all night."

"Like sweet hell I am, twisted sister! You can-"

She slapped my kisser a second

time, hard enough to make my ears ring. Then she grabbed me by the shirt collar and hauled my sorry ass right out of the truck, into her building, all the way up to her apartment. She shoved me inside, slammed the door, spat in my face.

Most of her hot spit went straight into my gaping mouth. I gulped.

"Take off your clothes!"

I hesitated. She held up her hand. I took off my clothes.

She didn't seem the least bit surprised to see that my dick was as hard as her attitude. While I was

fucking shocked. My obvious arousal at her rough treatment stood out like three sore thumbs laid lengthwise on my nude, shaking body. I hadn't even realized I been turned-on by her rugged handling.

Ariel grabbed onto my prong and pulled, me along with it. She yanked us down a hall and into her bedroom, flung me up against a giant, padded, black 'X' that was positioned against one of the purple velvet walls.

It was a fucking dungeon scene, man, on the tenth floor. I had the part of hapless, happy victim.

Ariel locked down my wrists and ankles to the ends of the X with the steel cuffs that were built into the sexual torture device. I couldn't move a limb, except for my fifth column – it twitched up and down with a pulsing intensity, right in front of us.

Ariel pulled a black dresser drawer open, brought out a cat 'o nine tails. And then she flogged my impudent erection. I jerked on the rack, the soft, black leather stinging, stroking my cock.

This kitten with a whip really knew how to use her pleasure/pain device, wrapping the tendrils around my boner with a flick of her wrist, then unwinding them in a cascade of caressing leather with another skilled flick. I moaned and writhed on the X, her whip marking the spot of my mounting excitement.

She dropped the whip, her clothing.

The black tank-top and short skirt came off like in an X-rated Ozzy Osbourne video. Ariel's tits were huge and pale and blue-veined, pink nipples pierced by iron crosses, black pussy fur shaved into a pentagram. She walked up to me starkly



naked and smacked my cock with her bare hand, back the other way, spitting into my open mouth to silence my cries.

I had no idea where this crazy train was headed next. The tension in my balls and penis was unbearable.

She jumped up onto my chest, hooking her ankles onto the lower part of the X, her arms around my neck. Ariel's pussy lips found my bulbous cockhead and sucked it and my shaft inside with a push of her hips.

The ice-cold bitch was scorching hot and soaking wet inside. She pumped her butt back and forth, her pussy squeezing, sucking on my prick.

I tried to pump her back. But she bit

my lower lip and stopped me in my tracks. I let her ride me, bouncing away on my iron spike, impaling her twat over and over.

"I'm coming!" she shrieked in my face, spraying me with saliva again. She almost tore that X right out of the wall with her frenzied movements, tore my cock out by the roots with her gulping, gushing pussy.

I bleated, and blasted, unable to control myself. Ariel shuddered wildly on the end of my spurting cock, my torso jolted and jumping, my head reeling.

I treat her bad, and she treats me bad. It's the perfect relationship.

-Dan Dupont



Gabriella

Flying Solo

To look at her, it's hard to imagine that any guy could walk away from all she has to offer, however, that's precisely what happened. Her husband - stupid man that he was - labored under the misguided impression that younger is better than older. As Gabriella knows, a 55-year-old man, running off with an 18-year-old girl, has the lifespan of a fish out of water, but if he's willing to give up perfection for a fantasy, it's his own damn loss. Sure, she was hurt. Sure she had feelings of inadequacy, but wallowing in self-doubt had never been her style, and she wasn't about to start playing the victim. It was, after all, his loss, not hers.

As her lusts had increased, his had decreased, to the point that he was fairly useless. Now was her time to make it all right.



If only he'd taken the time to realize what all he was missing. You live with a person for years, then start taking them for granted. Well, Gabriella might have passed 18 several decades ago, but she's no less horny. She knows what she wants.









What she wants is a bit of kink - a bit of spice. Long enough has she languished with mediocre poking. She wants it hard, heavy and on film.



And why can't a 52-year-old woman be an utter slut and exhibitionist? If only to remind herself that hell yes, she's still got what it takes.







Unlike some women, this is not about revenge. This is about satisfying her needs, as well as making up for all those half-assed attempts by her sub-par ex-spouse. For the first time in years, she was cumming like gang-busters.




It was almost enough to make her feel young again. And why should she act her age? She had a new lease on life, and a renewed sense of urgency. This was her time, and she's intent on screwing everyone worth screwing.









Now look at her. A woman like this, with her particular appetites, is not someone you run across every day. She's free now, but we have a hunch, she won't be free for long. This may be your only chance. Don't waste it.

888-848-7855



Okay, she's a fucking hot, blonde babe, with eyes that could seduce a blind man, but that doesn't mean that she's a self-absorbed slut. In fact, due to an unfortunate string of abusive boyfriends and a particularly boring husband, it took Shayla a good 30 years to finally realize her potential. Before that, she assumed she had little enough to offer. In all reality, Shayla has more than enough to offer, her creative potential not the least of her assets.







For Shayla, liberation had never been sweeter. She'd always suspected that she was being sold short, but it wasn't until her final separation, as well as a much younger fuck-toy, she started to realize all that she'd really been missing.





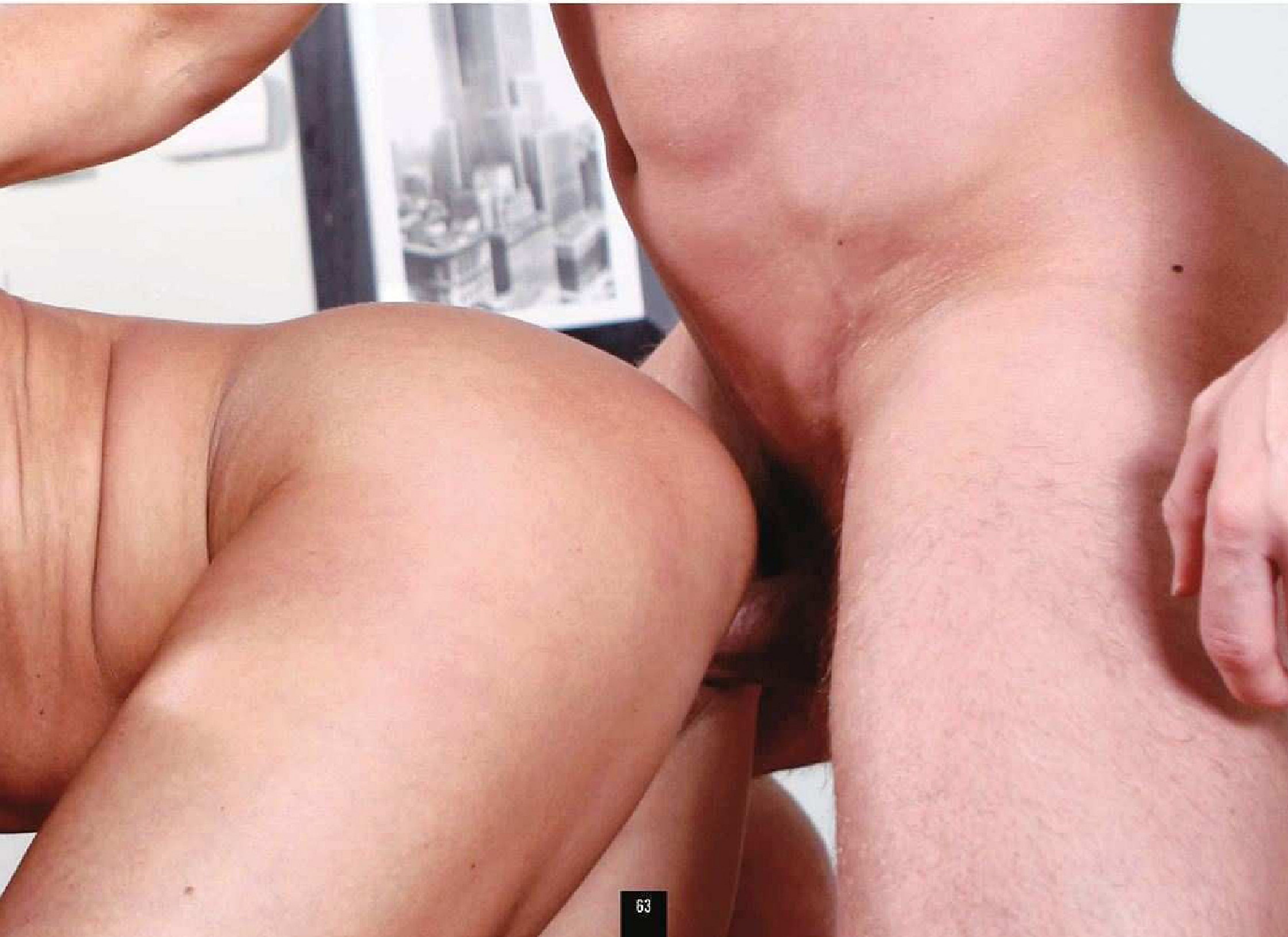


Shayna knew she still had a lot to offer, she simply hadn't met the right men to allow her the opportunity to explore her potential. Once the confidence comes, there's no reason to hold back.





It had been so, so long since Shayna'd just let loose. She'd almost forgotten how good it could feel. Well, not that she actually had that much experience, unfortunately. But, better late than never, eh?







This is a woman, in need of some serious attention. She's willing to learn and up for pretty much anything. How about it, boys?

888-892-6821



When it came to expectations, Tabitha's could never be met. She was a woman with standards. A woman with standards of the tallest order. She'd never met a man who could satisfy each and every one of her cravings and lusts, and she wasn't one to settle. As such, she had more than a few stories to tell, and no significant other to show for all her trouble. If trouble it can be called. Frankly, she didn't mind living the single life. In fact, it provided a freedom she ordinarily wouldn't have. Sure, at times she got lonely, but luckily she had a list of fuck-buddies she could call, to help her warm her cooling bed.








Now, as a single woman, Tabitha had become a jack of all trades, if that term can actually be applied to a well-established nympho. She'd been around the block, then backward and in reverse, so she clearly knew the ins and outs of a successful fucking.



Now, when it came to men, Tabitha had her rules. A woman of her age has her priorities, and priority number one was getting off, as frequently as possible. A fair fuck, if she gets her's, she's damned sure to give in return.








And give in any way possible. And if the orgasm is particularly good (or if there is more than one), she's prepared for any possible request. Vaginal, oral or anal, this chick is prepared to provide.



And what sane man can turn down a properly plump and primed rump? Isn't this every man's fantasy? It's amazing she's remained untethered, considering her very generous nature.





A close-up photograph of a woman lying on her back. She has blonde hair and is wearing red lipstick. Her eyes are wide open, and her mouth is slightly agape. She has both hands placed on her breasts. The background is a light-colored, textured surface, possibly a bedsheet or pillow. In the upper right corner, a portion of a black metal bed frame is visible.

The best part is, she actually enjoys it.
This ain't no prude. In fact, she'd be dis-
appointed if you didn't drive your hard-on
into the slippery brown.





Can you really pass up nailing a woman like this?
Thought not. With a woman like this, it's all about the
excess. Aren't you dying to indulge?

888-967-5683

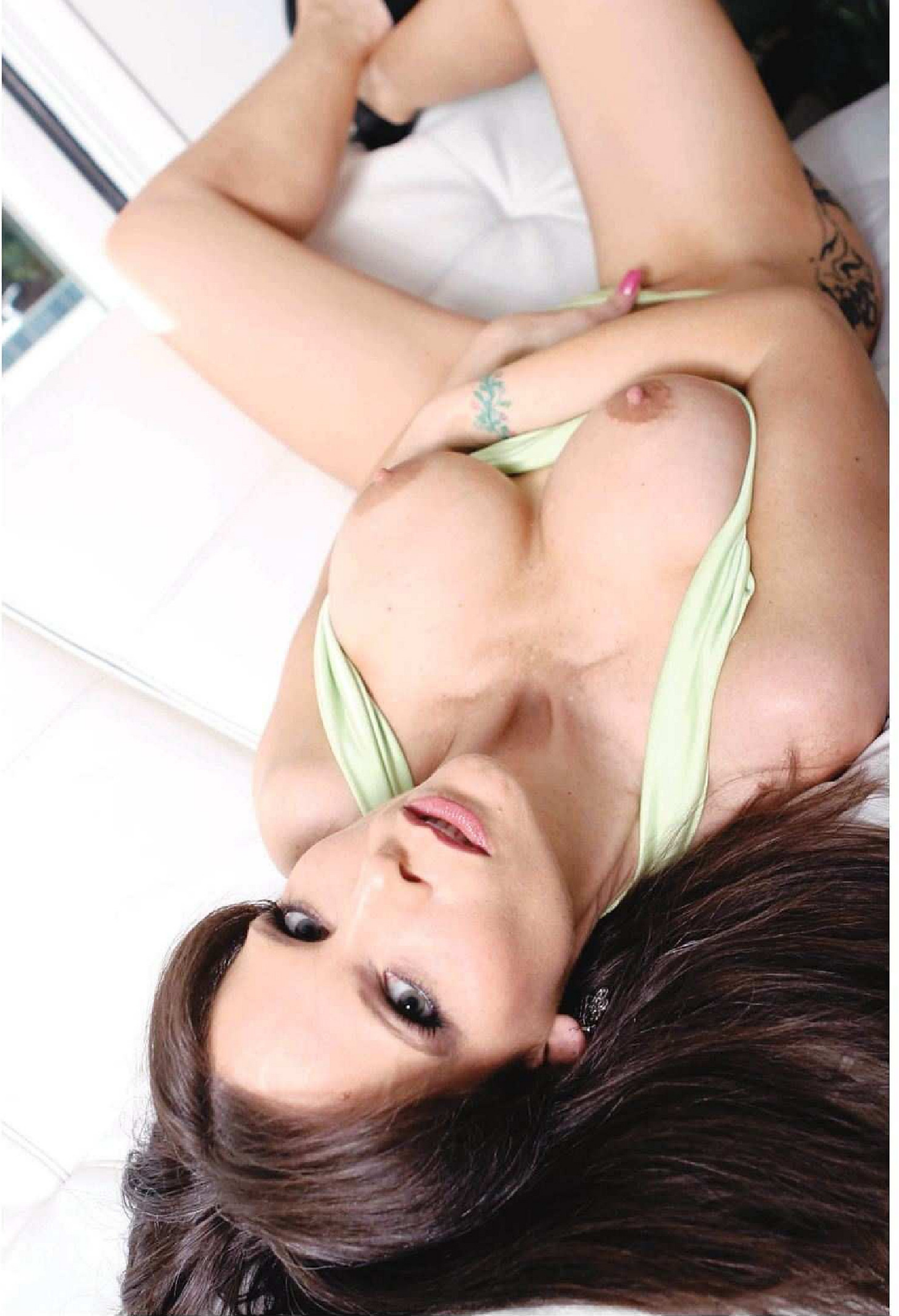


Syren

Only One Life to Live

Syren is actually an interesting case. Her kids were actually the ones who prompted her to go to rehab. No, it wasn't for alcohol and it was for drugs. This rehab was for nymphos, and nymphos of the highest degree. Even since her husband had died, she'd gone a bit wild. Well, gone a bit wild in her mind, totally crazy in the minds of her kids. Hell, she was having sex more than they were, and definitely not acting like a nice and proper mother.







But like most rehabs, the only benefit was that it encouraged even more depraved behavior. She'd never admit it to her kids, but some of the best sex of her life she'd had during her attempt to clean up her act.




At the end of the day, she had no shame when it came to her sexuality. Perhaps it looked out her kids, but was it really their place to judge? She'd caught them, up to all sorts of debaucherous shenanigans. Why should she be the one judged, simply because she was supposed to be a maternal figure?







A woman with long brown hair and heavy makeup is lying on her back on a blue surface. She has her mouth open and is looking upwards. A man's hands are visible: one is on her left breast and the other is on her groin. The woman has pink nail polish on her fingers. In the background, there is a black chair and a pink flower.

To be sure, when it came to fucking, Syren was a junky. But is this truly a problem? Each to his or her own, and when it comes to sex, the more the merrier, and kudos to a woman who can keep up the pace, despite her age.

This is something which should never be cured. Oh, the foolishness of youth. Thankfully, it seems that Syren has a good head on her shoulders (as well as a perfectly good had in her asshole). She isn't about to give it up.









If anything, at this point in time, Syren needs men who will prove to her that her lusts are right on target. How many of you can say you've banged a full-on nympho? Come on, guys, this could be your only chance.

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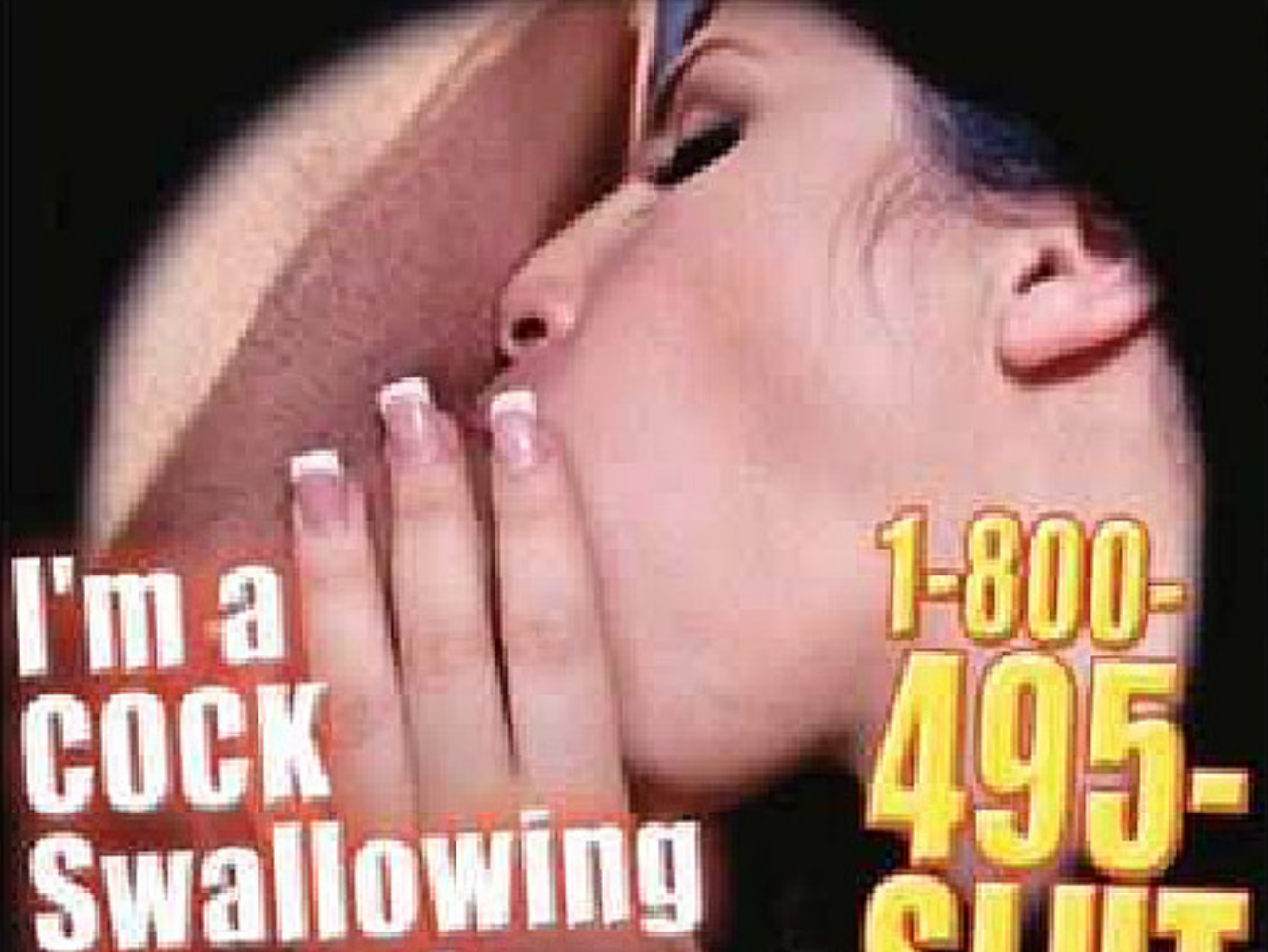


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HONEY TRAP

The door to Vivian's apartment was open. I peeked my head inside, spotted the woman sitting at her dining room table. Her shoulders were slumped and she had a hand up to her face.

"Can I come in?"

She started, but didn't turn around to face me. "Uh, no, Caitlyn, you'd better—"

"What's wrong, Viv?" I said, stepping inside and closing the door.

Vivian is twice my age, but she and her husband, Stan, became my best friends as soon as I moved into the apartment next to theirs. We just seemed to hit it off, despite our age differences.

I walked up behind her now, slid my hands under her wavy, red hair and onto her round shoulders, gave them a squeeze. She looked back up at me, and I could see the tears in her beautiful violet eyes.

"I threw Stan out," she answered my unspoken question. "He admitted to cheating on me with another woman — a younger woman!"

I looked down at her sympathetically, working the taut muscles at the base of her neck. Vivian has a full figure, large breasts, a mature, handsome face. I'd been attracted to her right from the start, and I'd often noticed her eyes lingering longer than normal on my tight little buns and bouncy boobs, my long, lush blonde hair and twinkling blue eyes.

It certainly wasn't the most appropriate time for a seduction, but I just couldn't pass up the opportunity.

"I'm so sorry to hear that, Vivian," I murmured, fanning my warm, massaging hands out on her shoulders, to the elasticized edges of her top. I slipped my fingertips under her top.

"Thanks, Caitlyn," she said, patting one of my hands. "You've always been such a good friend."

More than a friend, I thought, sliding my hands further down, onto the top of her chest, rubbing, caressing. The tips of my fingers touched the rounded swells of Vivian's breasts, my forearms pushing her top off her shoulders to fall down her arms.

She sighed and shivered, as I opened up my hands and curved them around her lush, full breasts. "Caitlyn ... I—"

I kissed her neck, her shoulder, cupping her breasts, squeezing the heavy pair. "I just want you to feel better," I breathed.

Her heart beat rapidly against my left hand clutching her breast, her neck and chest flushing with heat, cherry-red nipples stiffening between my fingers as I gently pinched them. She shuddered, her body jumping against my lips on her neck, breasts in my hands.

I pushed her top all the way down with the backs of my hands, fully exposing the woman's creamy-white, blue-veined jugs. Then I bent my head down over her shoulder and hefted an over-ripe breast and flicked my tongue against its rubbery tip. Did the same to Vivian's other tit.

"Oh, God, Caitlyn, yes! Please!"

I suckled her nipples, tugging on them, tonguing them. Until I turned my head and pressed my

mouth against Vivian's wet, willing mouth.

There was no holding back now. We both wanted it, badly.

The chair fell away and she was up in my arms. We kissed, frenched, her big, wet tits pressing heatedly into my boobs. She helped me pop my top, then gripped and squeezed my tanned tits, nursed on my buzzing pink nipples. I tilted my head back and moaned, feeling the impassioned tug of the woman all through me.

We were hungry for each other's pussies, ravenous. We tore off our clothes and climbed up onto the dining room table, into the 69 position, me on top, Vivian underneath.

Vivian's cunt juices flowed as plentiful and tangy as mine. Her fingernails bit into my trembling butt cheeks, her tongue lashing my brimming twat over and over.

I spread her lips with my fingers, licked her swelled-up clit, sucked her clit. Her legs shook out of control, pussy arching up into my face. She hit my clit, sucking it into her mouth and tugging on the puffy pink button. I jerked, shimmering with sexual electricity.

We sucked and sucked on each other's clits. Until, all too suddenly, we snapped, overwhelmed by the erotic sensations. Vivian shuddered, I shuddered, both of us gushing our joy, coming in one another's faces.



Her pussy was shaven as smooth as mine, glistening just as wet. I grasped her soft, white thighs and plunged my head down in between her legs, thrusting my tongue into her shiny red lips. She groaned hot and humid into my snatch. Then she licked, making me quiver with delight at the delicious drag of her wet tongue over my sensitive slit. We licked one another's pussies, lapping urgently, anxiously.

Stan texted me while I was using their washroom. He gave me the name of the motel he'd been banished to, directions. I promised to be there in half-an-hour.

I already knew what a good fuck *he* was.

-Caitlyn Jones

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